Social and Personal &

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In the home of the bride, "Cak Lawn." Boydon, Va., the wedding of Mrs. Alice Marrow Pinch, the daughter of the late Drewry S. Marrow, of Union Level, Meek-lenburg county, and Mr. Edward Chainbers Goode, the son of Colonel Thomas F. Goode, of Boydton, will be quietly cerebrated at 10 A. M. to-day, the Rev. T. O. Edwards, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, being the celebrant.

Only the immediate families of the bride and groom will witness the ceremony. The bride, who is one of the handsomest women in the State, will be gowned in pale gray crepe de chine, a white lace hat, trimmed in roses, and will carry a bouquet of white orchids. Bhe will be given in marriage by her brother, Dr. Drewry Hunter Marrow.

The spaceous parlers will be decorated in pink roses and white carnations, against a background of palms and ferns. Congratulations and the cutting of the bride's loaf will occupy the short interval between the marriage and the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Goode to spenditheir honeymoon at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs.

In returning home about the first of Eoptember, the bride and groom will stop for a few days in Richmond, as their many friends here will be pleased to know. The wide popularity of the contracting parties and their prominence in social position renders this one of the most interesting of midsummer nuptial events.

Attended Wedding.

Mrs. W. T. Robins left yesterday to attend the wedding of Miss Hetty Catlett Jones to Mr. John Lewis Bouldin, which took place at 7 o'clock last evening, in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Newport

Bouldin is the daughter of Mr. Mrs. Bouldin is the daughter of all.
Maryus Jones, formerly of Gloucester
county, and the granddaughter of Hon.
John W. C. Catlett. of Timber Neck, one
of the most famous of old Gloucester
county homes. The young couple have
many relatives in Richmond, where they both well and most favorably known To-day's Richmond Weddings.

Miss Lorena Knight Atlee and Mr. Karl Hibbard Cornwall will be married at 3 o'clock this atternoon in the home of the brido's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Strickler Atlee, of "Wakefield," Henrico

ownty.

Mr. Cornwall is the son of the late George D. Cornwall, of Oll City, Pa., and the owner of Wilton-on-the-James, where the young couple will make their hone after they are back from their wedding

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Sydnor to Dr. Arthur Jordan will take place at 8 o'clock this evening in the home of the bride's mother. Mrs. Thomas W. Sydnor, of the West End.

Mrs. Ruffin's Book.

Mrs. Ruffin's Book.

The Boston Pilot has the following complimentary mention of a book recently given to the public from the pen of a Southern woman. In regard to the author, the Pilot says:

"Mrs. Ruffin, the author of "The North Star," is a native of Mobile. She is a Southerner of Southerners. But, when this true poet and daughter of the Southland enters the novelists' field, she turns strangely enough to the far North, to the Land of the Midnight Sun, for her hero and background. Carlyle and Longfellow have given us suggestions of King Olaf Tryggevessen. It has been left to Mrs. Pinfin to bring him before us in the fullness of his manly beauty, boundless courage and simple faith and honor.

"The story is told with fire and force. The descriptions are vivid, but always brief. The lyrus or sagas reveal the poet root absorbed into the novelist. Altogether it is a daring and successful venture in a new field, and every reader of The North Star' will hope for another novel from Mrs. Ruffin's pen."

In Amateur Theatricals.

In Amateur Theatricals.

Miss Saily Reid and Miss Elsie Anderson, who are spending the summer in Albemarie county, proved themselves adepts in ameteur theatricals by the very clever way in which they took part in a play given last week at Castalia, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Murray Bowcock, the Albemarie. The play was given on in Albemarie. The play was given on the lawn by the rectory society of the Episcopal church, and was a great suc-

At Cape Henry.

Miss Blow entertained the guests of her cottage with a delightful oyster roast at Cape Henry. Among those in Miss Blow's party were Miss Maud McKenny, Miss Lucile and Miss Virginia Clark, Mr. Richard Bidgood Mr. Charles Benson and Mr. Brockenbrough, of Richmond; Mrs. Mercer Mosby, Mrs. Hunter and daughters, of Norfolk; Dr. and Mrs. May Waverly, Miss Nettia Dobson, of Lynchburg, Miss Ellie Manning, of Emporia; Miss Williams, of Baltimore; Miss Elizaleth Carney, of Portsmouth; Mr. Robert Wainwright, Mr. Aubrey Barley and Mr. Will Standworth, of Norfolk.

Schlossberg—Weinstein.

Schlossberg-Weinstein. mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weinstein an-nounce the engagement of their daugh-ter, Jennie, to Mr. M. J. Schlossburg, of Portsmouth, Va.

Personal Mention.

Miss Virginia Chamberlayne has re-turned from a visit to Mrs. Frank Lee. of Hampton, Va.

The Misses Keesee are visiting Mrs. Mellylle Walker at Oak Grove, Walker-

Master Robert Sherman is back from being the guest of Master Preston Phil-lips in Hampton. son, Va.

Mrs. E. D. Farland is at Tappahannock, Va., for the remainder of the sum-. . .

Miss Nannie L. Stamper left last night to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. K. Rogers, in Ashland.

Mrs. Jere Witherspoon will leave August 1st to spend a month at Castile New York.

Miss Lucy Throckmorton will be at Bridgewater, Va., for the month of August.

. . .

Miss Lillian Guzert is at the Kirby House, Afton, Va.

Mr. G. M. Mercer is spending some time

at Apple Grove, Louisa county, Va.

Mr. W. McYarbrough is at the Brandon
Hotel, Basic City, for a week or two.

Mrs. Thomas M. Rutherfoord and Misses Laura and Gwendolin Rutherfoord are at Capon Springs, West Virginia.

Mrs. W. T. Saunders is at the Ingle

Best News

to-day-Fels-Naptha.

Cuts washday in half, and makes every other day easier. Fels-Naptha Philadelphia

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever poor occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fall to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshmer of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof Charles Ellot

No. 246.

THE TOILET.

By ALEXANDER POPE.

Leader of all writers of his time, Pope began as a disciple of Dryden. His aim as a poetical artist was to compress ideas into smart sententious lines. His digmins pentameters have at length grown wearlsome, at least to the ears of studious readers of English verse. There is little variety in his thought and mone in his versilication. His mind was keen and his wit sharp, but his soul was small. The following is from "The Rape of the Lock," a muck-heroic peem, the heroino Cy which is the loser of a lock of beautiful bair, stolen by an admiring gallant. The gallant was Lord Petref and the lady, Mrs. Arabella Fermot. A quarrel between the families was the result of the thett. This poem brought peace. In the skyle of composition Pope has no equal. Other selections from Pope his portral autograph and blographical sketch have already been printed in this series.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores, With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers. A heavenly image in the glass appears, And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil. And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;



wood, Gordonsville, Va.

Mr. W. F Gray is enjoying the season

Lieutenant E. R. McCabe is now at Fort

Mrs. W. H. White, of Norfolk, is regis-

Mr. George W. Schlief has gone to Oxford, Maryland, for two weeks. Mrs. A. M. Walker is at Punxsutawney

time on Amsterdam Avenue, New York

Major and Mrs. James H. Dooley are it Bretton Woods, Mount Washington, New Hampshire.

Mrs. C. C. Beattle is at Chester, New Jersey, for the season,

Mrs. T. H. Leary and Miss Nora Leary are at the Arlington Hotel, Cobourg

Mr. J. E. Sorg is at Hallsboro for tw

Mr. R. H. Paulett and Mr. E. T. Hines have returned to Farmville from Virginia Beach.

.... Mr. O. O. Owens is at Hotel Mecklen-burg, Chase City, Va.

Miss Ellen H. Wade is spending the summer at Salem, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Herbert A. Claiborne, accompanied by her son, is visiting the St. Louis Exposition,

Mrs. C. C. Little is at Oxford, N. C.

Mrs. C. R. Morton is at Hotel Mons Penick's, Va.

Mrs. George F. Jones is at Hotel Roan-oke, Roanoke, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Watkins left yesterday to spend two weeks in Ronceverte. West Virkinia, and make a tour of the Virginia springs.

Colonel O. W. Dudley has returned to his home in Danville, after a visit to the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. J. S. Winfree is visiting friends

Mr. E. B. Sydnor has not yet returned from the St. Louis Exposition. He will take in the Orange Horse Show on his way home.

Master Emerson W. Jarman will be at Bromide Arsenic Springs, Crumpler, N. J., for his vacation.

Mrs. H. K. Breeden is summering at the

Miss H. C. Quinby is at the Yellow Sulphur Springs for August. Mr. John Hunter, Jr., is at Rawle Springs, near Harrisonburg, Va.

Mrs. John W. Perley has returned to Charlottesville, Va., from Pense's Springe

West Virginia.

Mr. D. S. Hancock will be at the Jef

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Tatum will attend Mrs. L. E Sutton, who has been,

York, Pa., is now with Mrs, A. T. Jones at Winchester, Va.

At The Casino.

"A Trip to New York." which was repeated last night at the Casino by the Haynes and Redmond Comedy Company, pleased the audience, which was kept in good humor by the shifting, quick act to the play and the many changes introduced. The specialties were applicated and the song, "Meet Me at St. Louis," made an even more favorable impression than at the opening performance.

The matinee to-day and the regular performance to-night will conclude the bill, "Too Much Married," a rip-roaring farce, opening to-morrow night.

In the play for the last three nights three Richmond bables will take part, Manager McKee having selected them from among a number of applicants.

Colonel Catlett in the City. Colonel Catlett, of Lexington, for-merly Commonwealth's attorney of a Rock-bridge county and later assistant to the At-torney-General during his Illness, is in the city for a few days on business. Colonel Catlett is well known in this city and has many friends here.

Social Life In Other Cities

As usual, the Monmouth County Horse sons to the Jersey shore. Mr. and Mrs. William Goadby Loew, who will have Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt among their guests; Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Burke Roche, Miss Cynthia Roche, Mr. and Mrs. Foxhall Keene, Mr. and Mrs. Foxhall Keene, Mr. and Mrs. Hobert Collier are giving house parties. The Newport contingent will, however, return in good time for the dance given by Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt at Sandy Point Farm at Portsmouth, R. i. by way of a house warming, on Friday night, which will be followed on Saturday by the motor races organized by the Newport Amisement Association, of which Reginald Vanderbilt is one of the moving spirits.

ENGLICHTEN MAN Miss Ethel Rockefeller is homeward bound and is expected here to-day or to-morrow. She has devoted here adourn abroad to a motor car trip through Scotland, Wales and the south of England, with Miss North. On landing she will join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Rockefeller, in the Adirondacks. Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller have been until now at their country place at Greenwich, Conn.

August 17th has been set as the date of the marriage of Thomas H. Kelly, son of the late Eugene Kelly, and Miss Emi-erance de Sallier, at Clayton, N. Y., the country place of the bride's father, who married Miss Binsse.

Thomas Hitchcock is at the Saragota race track in behalf of his brother, Frank R. Hitchcock, who succeeded william C. Whitney as president of the Saragota Racing Association, Frank Hitchcock, who has been detained at his place at Westbury, Lorig Island, by illness, is now almost entirely recovered, and expects to take possession early next week of the Wakely cottage in Fifth Avenue, at Saratoga, which he has rented for the season.

A day does not pass without some entries being made for the automobile races to be held on Saturday next. Yes terday there were three entries. Harry Hamilin entered his Pan hard in classes and 5, and B. R. Thomas has entered

Last night was one of the first of the season when there were no dinner parties, and there were only two or three luncheons at the cottages to-day. A luncheon was given by Willing H. Spencer in honor of the house-party which Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderblit is entertaining, and similar affairs were also given by R. R. Livingston and Mrs. W. M. Kingsland.

Tuxedo Park.

Tuxedo Park.

The warm weather of last week brought out many well known New-Yorkers to pass Sunday at the clubhouse and among the cottages. Although the hot days of the early part of last week had a tendency to force the cottagers to look for cooler places in the mountains and at the seashore, Tuxedo still remains full of life. Several house-parties, followed by dinners, were given last evening. Among those who gave dinners were Amos T. French, at Tuxeden; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin M. Post, Mr. and Mrs. George, Rutledge Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. George, Rutledge Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Vatable, Mr. and Mrs. William Plerson Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. William Plerson Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Price Coller, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Poor and Mr. and Mrs. William G. Davies.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Haven, of Boston, have opened the Chester Davis cottage for tail late summer, and Mr. and Mrs. August Roosier have returned to the James Kent cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. John Murray Mitchell, who have returned from a trip to Canad, will go to Bar Harbor next week.

Washington.

Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Galt and family have gone to their summer residence at Greenbrier, White Sulphur Swings, for the rest of the summer. M. Galt look with him his fine touring car, and is one of the most enthusiastic autoists of that resort.

Mrs. John M. Stotsenburg and her

by gum! but 'twas a lucky thing for him I didna get ma hand on him this evenin'. I could ha' killed him." He held the match above his head.

Two yellow eyes, glowing in the darkness like cairngorms, and a small dim figure bunched up in a chair, told him his surmise was wrong. Many a time had he seen his father in such case before and now he muttered contemptions.

no movement; only those two unwinking eyes fixed on him immovable.

At length a small voice from the fire-side broke the quiet.

It Pays to Attend the Great Stock-Relief Unloading Sale.

The volume of business transacted ever since the in auguration of the Great Sale has been tremendous. By far the grandest Bargain Event in the history of the store, beyond a doubt the greatest ever witnessed in the city, kindled by the announcement of prices slashed beyond all records, it is being fanned to roaring enthusiasm, as the bargains offered become known, and the apparel on sale is found to be fully up to the standard characteristic of this great outfitting establishment.

Choice of every \$10, \$12.50 and \$13.50 \$12.50 and \$13.50 Suit in the house at

Choice of every \$15,

Choice of every \$15, and \$16.50 Suit in the house at only... the house at only ...

Choice of every \$18 and \$20 Suit in the house at only....... \$12.50

Burk & Co. Main Street

Catherine Held are spending the month of July at Virginia Beach.

Miss Alin May is a member of thouse-party at "Hill Brook Farm, Bouth Boston, Va.

Washington people at Buena Vista Eprings Va., are Mrs. B. J. Cromwell, John C. Wilson, Miss Barnes, and the Misses Thebaud. Afternoon teas, golf, tennis, bowling, and dancing make the place gay.

FAIRMOUNT WEDDING.

Miss Humphries Becomes Bride of Mr. William Barlow.

of Mr. William Barlow.

A pretty wedding took place in the parsonage of Rev. Joel T. Tucker Wednesday night, when Miss Georgie Humphries became the bride of Mr. William Barlow, in the presence of a number of friends. The bride was prettily dressed in white organdy, with lace and ribbon trimmings, and her maid of honor. Miss Myrtle Dowell, was tastliy gowned in Nile green organdy, with lace. Mr. J. Meyers was best man. The bride is quite a popular young lady, and has made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Dowell, of No. 108 Twenty-second Street, for the past nine years. The groom is also quite well known and is held in esteem by a large circle of friends, After receiving the congratulations of all present, the young couple were driven to their future home, No. 2516 East

thrice. As he slowly, assimilated its meaning, the blood faded from his face. He stared at it and still stared, with whiteening face and pursed lips. Then he stole a glance at David's broad back.

"What d'ye ken o' this, David?" he asked, at length, in a dry thin voice, reaching forward in his chair.

"O' what?"

t's this: Tupper lost a sheep to Killer last night."

"And this, holding up the paper, "tells you that they ken, as I ken noo, as majet o' them ha' kent this meny a day, that your Wullie, Red Wull-the Terror—"

"Yes."
"The Black Killer."
It was spoken.
The frayed string was snapped at last.
The little man's hand flashed to the bottle that stood before him.

STATUARY CLEANED

Busts Formerly in the Capitol Now Look Like New Ones.

Weather Repeats Itself.

MRS. GILL'S EXCURSION

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Chart Flitcher.

HANGE IN SCHEDULE-NORFOLK &

WESTERN RAILWAY.

With time table effective Sunday, July 2th, trains No. 25 and No. 26 have been discontinued between East Radford and Bristol. A new train, No. 11, leaves East Radford daily at itilo A. M. and strives Bristol 3:20 P. M., making local stops. The Norfolk and Bristol sleeper is handled by train No. 15 Norfolk to Roanoke and train No. 41 Roanoke to Bristol; returning is handled by train No.20 to Lynchburg and train No. 16 Lynchburg to Norfolk. 41-42 is the Washington and Chattanooga Limited, with dining car Chattanooga Limited, with dining car and Pullman sleepers to and from New

Orleans and Memphis, C. H. BOSLEY, District Pasesnger Agent.

WEEK-END EXCURSIONS TO NEW JERSEY SEASHORE RESORTS.

R., F. & P. R. R. R., F. & P. R. R.

Commencing June 24th and until September 10th, inclusive, the R., F. & P. R. R. will sell on Friday and Saturday of each week, special excursion tickets to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City and Sea lele City, N. J., at rate of \$10 round irip from Richmond. Tickets good going only on date of sale and for return passage leaving destination not later than Tuesday following date of issue. Apply ticket agents R., F. & P. R. R.

W. P. TAYLOR, Traffic Manager.

Bears the Block To RIA.
Bears the Classification of Classification

SUMMER EXCURSION RATES, R., F. & P. R. H.-SEASON 1904.

P. R. R.—SEASON 1904.

Reduced rate summer excursion tickets to all principal Northern Eastern and Canadian summer tourist points, including Atlantic City, Cape May, Niagara Falls, Saratoga Springs, Clifton Springs, Newport, Quebec, Montreal, resorts in the Adirondacks and valte Mountains, etc.; also to Virginis summer tourist points on the Southers Railway reached via Washington. The statement of the second returning until October St., 1904; liberal stop-over privileges.

For further information apply to agents R., F. & P. R. R., or W. P. TAYLOR, Traftic Manager,

Bears the Cart Hillichies Bought of

tered at Dean House, Mahopac, York. Mr. Roger Atkinson is in Brooklyn for the latter part of July and early Au-

city.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

(Coveright, 1898, by Doubleday & McClure Co.)

CHAPTER XX-Continued. Maggie's knitting dropped into her lap and she looked up, her soft eyes for once flashing.

"It's cruel, David; so 'tis!" she cried.
"It wonder yo' bide wi' him. If he treated me so, I'd no stay anither minute. If it meant the House for me I'd go," and she looked as if she meant it.

David' jumped off the table.
"Han' yo' niver guessed why I stop, lass, and me so happy at home?" he askee. eagerly.

Maggie's eyes dropped again.
"Hoo should I know?" she asked innocently.

"Nor care, neither, I s'pose," he said "Nor care, heather, a power me to o and leave yo', and go rect awa'; I see too 'tis, 'Yo' want me to o and leave yo', and go rect awa'; I see too' tis, 'Yo' wouldna mind, not yo, 'to' was niver to see pore David agin. niver thowt yo' welly like me, Maggie; nd noo I know it."
"Yo' silly lad," the girl murmured, knit-leg steadfastly.

"Yo' silly lad." the girl murmured, knitting steadfastly.
"Then yo' do," he cried, triumphant. "I knew yo' did." He approached close to her chair, his face clouded with eager anxiety.
"But d'yo' like me more'n just liktn', Maggie? d'yo'," he bent and whispered in the little ear.
The girl cuddled over her work so that he could not see her face.
If yo' won't tell me yo' can show me,' he coaxed. "There's other things besides words."

words."

He stood before her, one hand on the chair-back on either side. She sat thus, caked between his arms, with dropping eyes and heightened color.

"Not so close, Davie, please," she hegged, fidgeting uncassity; but the request was unhereded.

"Do'ee move away a wee," she implored

plored.
"Not till yo've showed me," he said, 'I canna, Davie," she cried with laugh-

"Yes, yo', can' lass."
"Tak' your hands away, then."
"Nay; pot till yo've showed ms."
"Daise." Do'ee, Davie," she supplicated. "Do'ee," he pleaded.

She tilted her face provokingly, but her eyes were still down. "It's no manner o' use, Davie."
"Iss, 'tis," he coaxed.

Please."
A lengthy pause.
"Well, then—" She looked up, at last, shy, trustful, happy; and the sweet lips were tilted further to meet his.
And thus they were situated, lover-like, when a low, rapt voice broke in on

Oh, Wullle, I wush you were here!"

It was little M'Adam. He was leaning in at the open window, leering at the young couple, his eyes puckered, an evil expression on his face.

"The creetical moment! and I interfere! David, ye'll never forsie me."

The boy jumped round with an oath; and Maggie, her face flaming, started to her feet. The tone, the words, the look of the little man at the window were allee insufgrable.

look of the little man at the window were alike insufferable.

"By thunder! I'll teach yo' to come spyin' on me!" roared David. Above him on the mantel-piece blazed the Shepherds' Trophy. Searching any missile in his fury, he reached up a hand for it.

"Ay, gle it me back. Ye robbed me o't." the little man cried, holding out his arms as if to receive it.

"Dinna, David." pleaded Maggie, with restraining hand on her lover's arm,

"By the Lord! I'll give him something!" yelled the boy. Close by there stood a pall of seapy water. He seized it, swung it, and slashed its contents at the leering face in the window.

ty torrent caught him and soused him through. The bucket followed, struck him full on the chest, and rolled him over in the mud. After it with a rush came-

that last ill word had fitted into ve

HORROR OF DARKNESS.

It was long past dark that night when M'Adam staggered home.

All that evening at the Sylvester Arms his imprecations against David had made even the hardest shudder, James Moore, Owd Bob, and the Dale Cup were for once forgotten as, in his passion, he cursed his son.

The Dalesmen gathered fearfully away the little dripping madman. For whom, as a rule, no such a little dripping madman. For whom, as a rule, no such the hearth. One mighty paw lightly moved a lightling tap, and the timbeast lay dead.

Again that hollow stillness: no sour him immovable, him immovable.

When at length he jurched into the kitchen of the Grange, there was no light and the fire burnt low. So dark was the room that a white riband of paper planed onto the table escaped his remark.

The liftle man sat down heavily, his clothes still sodden, and resumed his tireless anathema.

tireless anathema.

"I've tholed mair fra him. Wullie, then Adam M'Adam ever thocht to thole from ony man. And noo it's gane past bearin'. He struck me. Wullie! struck his ain father. Ye see it yersel'. Wullie. Na. ye were na there. Oh, gin ye had but bin, Wullie! Him and his madman! But I'll gar him ken Adam M'Adam. I'll stan' nae mair!"

nue mair:

He sprang to his feet and, reaching up with trembling hands, pulled down the old bell-mouthed blunderbuss that hung above the mantel-piece. above the mantel-piece.
"We'll mak' an end to't, Wullie, so we will, since and for g'!" And he banged the weapon down upon the table. It lay right athwart that slip of still condeming paper, yet the little man saw it not. Resuming his seat, he prepared to walt. His hand sought the pocket of his coat, and fingered tenderly a small stone bottle, the fond companion of his widowhood. He pulled it out, uncorked it, and took a long pull; then piaced it on the jable by his side.
Gradually the gray head lolled; the

At length a smail voice from the life side broke the quiet.

"Drunk—the—lestle—swab!"
Again a clammy silence, and a lifeliong pause.

"I thout yo' was sleepin'," sald David, at length, lamely.

"Ay, so ye sald. 'Sleepin' it aff'; I heard ye.' Then, still in the same smail voice, now quivering imperceptibly, "Wad ye obleege me, sir, by leetin' the lamp'. Or, d'ye think, Wullle, 'twad be sollin' his dainty fingers? They're mair used, I'm told, to dangerin' wi' the bonnie brown hair o' his—"

"Till not ha' ye talk o' ma Maggie so," interposed the boy passionately.

"His Maggie, mark ye, Wallle—his! I thocht 'twad soon get that far."

"Tak' care, dad! I'll stan' but little more," the boy warned him in choking voice; and began to trim the lamp with trembling fingers.

M'Adam forthwith addressed himself to Red Wull.

"I suppose no man liver had sie a son

will, alnce and for a'!' And he banged the weapon down upon the table. It lay right athwart that slip of still condeming paper, yet the little mun saw it not. Resuming his seat, he prepared to wait. His hand sought the pocket of his coat, and fingered tenderly a small stone bottle, the fond companion of his widowhood. He pulled it out, uncopked it, and took a long pull: then placed it on the jable by his side.

Gradually the gray head lolled; the shrivelled hand dropped and hung limply down, the finger-tips brushing the floor; and he dozed off into a heavy sleep, while Red Wull watched at his feet.

It was not till an hour later that David

A Adam forrawith addressed nimser to the Wull.

"I suppose no man liver had sie a son as him, Wulle. Ye ken wint lyo done in him, wulle. Ye ken wint lyo done is him, Wulle. Ye ken wold. He shim, we ken hoo hes en al. He sat him, Wulle. Ye ken hoo hes him, we ken hoo hes en land. Wulle. Ye ken hoo hes him, we ken hoo hes him, we ken hoo hes him, we ken

"Adam Mackadam yer warned to mak an end to yer Red Wull will be best fo him and the Sheep. This is the first yol have two more the third will be the last.—"

"O' what?"

"O' this," holding up the slip. "And ye'd obleege me by the truth for once."

David turned, took up the paper, read it, and laughed harshly.
"It's coom to this, has it?" he said, still laughing, and yet with blanching face.

still laughing, and yet with chartening face.

"Ye ken what it means, I daresay ye pit it there, albins writ it. Ye'll explain it." The little man spoke in the same small, even voice, and his eyes never moved off his son's face.

"It's plain as day. Ha' ye no heard?"

"I've heard naethin' * * I'd like the truth, David, If ye can tell it."

The boy smiled a forced, unnatural smile, looking from' his father to the paper in his hand.

"Yo' shall have it, but yo'll not like it. It's this. Tupper lost a sheep to the

Killer last night."

"And what if he did?" The little man rose smoothly to his feet. Each noticed the other's face-dead-white,

"Why, he lost-it-on— Wheer d'ye think?" He drawled the words out, dwelling almost lovingly on each.

"Where?"

"Where?"

"On-the-Red-Screes."
The crash was coming-inevitable now. David knew it, knew that nothing could avert it, and braced illmeelf to meet it. The smile had flad from his face, and his breath fluttered in his throat like the wind before a "thunder-storm." "What of it?" The little man's voice was calm as a summer sea.

"Why, your Wullle-as I told yo'—was on the Screes last night."

"Go on David."

ror—" "Go on." "Is—"

(To be Continued To-morrow.)